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America "where gold and pearl fisheries abound," and where easy tasks at three dollars a day would enable him to pay for his passage. He sailed with three hundred persons, "land crafts, men and young women clothed in blue striped linen dresses." He pictures the promiscuous herding of men and women, but closes the shocking details with the exclamation, "but the hands of the angel of innocence cover his face." A storm added to the sufferings of the crowded passengers; the sick endured "the tortures of the damned." Those who died were wrapped in sail cloth and thrown into the water; if big fish swam near the ship in the morning it was a sure sign that there had been a sea-burial the previous night. When the coast was sighted a storm arose, driving back the pilots, and prolonging the voyage several weeks. The waves piled up by the storm were "like black forbidding chains of mountains." The drinking water became scarce, smelling unpleasantly, and tasting like ink, yet for food they had only salted meat which increased their thirst. The bread was hard, gray and yellow inside, the peas half cooked and hard to digest. After taking eight days to sail from the mouth of Delaware bay to Philadelphia, the indentured servants were landed, stripped naked and examined by prospective buyers. Buettner fell into the hands of a New Jersey planter who treated him well but who had a bad temper. The description of his life with the planter is entertaining, but leaves the impression that eating, drinking, and dancing interested Buettner more than work. He escaped and entered the continental army, where he foraged for loyalists' cattle more than he fought. At last he took part in a battle from which he and his fellows fled "like hares" into the forest. He surrendered and was later taken into the Hessian part of the British army, which he complains was worked harder than the British part. He was taken to Savannah, was captured, and reëntered the American ranks where he became a surgeon. At last he succeeded in getting aboard an American boat sailing for the West Indies, but was put on a prize which was captured, and he again fell into British hands. He was taken to Europe by the British, and returned to his native land. The original of this narrative was printed in 1828, and is now very rare. We are not told who was the translator.

C. H. VAN TYNE

Letters written by Ebenezer Huntington during the American revolution. [Heartman's historical series, n. 2.] (New York: Chas. Fred. Heartman, 1914. 112 p. \$3.00)

The Huntington letters, seventy-one in number, printed from the recently discovered originals, give us a vivid picture of the life of the "armed citizenry" during the American revolution. They give a dismal warning of the folly of unpreparedness in a people unmilitary in char-

acter and yet having spirit enough to defend its honor and liberty. Huntington, who was a graduate of Yale, observed intelligently the army life about him, and in his position as captain and major came in constant touch with the soldiers of the continental time. Although the piety of the New England soldier made him trust that he was "fighting the Lord's battles, and rendered him ready for any infliction which God in his all wise judgment chooses to inflict," yet the neglect of the army by the non-combatants at home drove him into a "fearful passion." You "feed us with promises," he writes, and "clothe us with filthy rags" and "hold your purse strings as though you would damn the world rather than part with a dollar." The soldiers come to him daily with letters from their wives and children at home saying that they are neglected, starving, and freezing. He writes that he is in rags, and has lain for forty hours on the rain-soaked ground. He is ashamed that he was born in America. Serving with the French army where the officers live in luxury, he is invited to their tables but cannot accept because he cannot return their hospitality. On the lack of discipline and want of steadfastness in the "embattled farmers" he descants on every page. "The British regulars make headway wherever they choose, and the American militia behave like rascals." The volunteers leave when their time is out, "though their eternal salvation was to be forfeited." "The persuasion of a Cisero would not keep them," and "the Niagra Falls would as soon kindle a fire" as their patriotism. One would think to read these letters that the colonial mother did not raise her boy to be a soldier.

C. H. VAN TYNE

The voyage of the first Hessian army from Portsmouth to New York, 1776. [Heartman's historical series, no. 3.] (New York: Charles Fred. Heartman, 1915. 31 p. \$1.00)

This translation from the German of A. Phister is a remarkably vivid account of the experiences at sea of the Hessian army brought to America by the British government. We should have more confidence in it if we knew that the translation had been the work of a properly trained scholar. We have not compared it with the original, for only a scholar would be interested in the comparison, and he would go to the original. As mere good reading the little booklet can be recommended. The description of a storm is that of a landsman, and is therefore the more appealing to us who are not nautical. England's sea power in that day is made to appear very real, when we are told that a Danish and two Swedish ships passing through the fleet lowered their flags and a sail of the middle mast as soon as they were in the distance of a shot. The sanitary measures of the eighteenth century navy are told with interest-